Gospel Praise No. 4



# Gospel Praise

REVIVAL SONGS

COMPILED BY



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MRS. O. F. BARNES

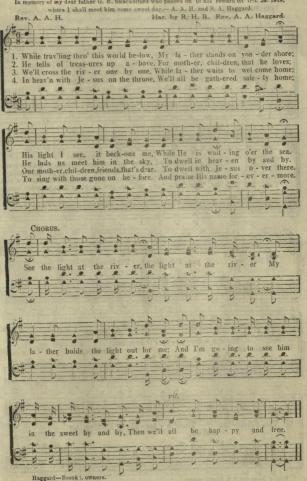


No. 2. I'm Coming to Jesus, Hallelujah! Rev. A. A. Haggard. Rev. A. A. H. 1. I'm leav - ing my bond-age. my sor - row and night, I'm com - ing 2. I'm leav - ing my troub-les, my fail - ures and loss, I'm com - ing 3. I'm leav - ing un - rest and all ar - ro - gant pride, I'm com - ing 10 to to 4. I'm leav - ing all sor - row and dread of the tomb, I'm com - ing where free - dom, and glad-ness and light; I'm leav - ing my sick-ness to come where there's glo - ri - ous gain of the cross; I'm leav - ing earth's sor-rows to come to Thy Je - sus and ev - er a - bide; I'm leav - ing all hat - red to dwell in Thy Christ is the light of the home; I'm leav - ing the tor - tures of sin that's un-CHORUS. I'm leav-ing my want to come where there's wealth.
I'm leav-ing dis - tress. all bur - ied in psalm. I' health. all bur - ied in psalm. I'm com - ing balm, on wings like a dove. I'm soar-ing up - ward for e'er in the fold. to dwell I'm com-ing told. Je - sus, [hel - le - lu - jah! I'm com - ing His prais - es I'm to sing; Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm walk-ing with Je -King. Haggard - (OWDe)



#### The Light at The River. No. 4.

In memory of my dear father G. B. Shackelford who passed on to his reward on Oct. 28. 1919.







## 7 T Want To Go There.

In memory of my brother, Rufus R., and his wife, Cora Coley Morris.



• This little song f wrote while thinking over my brother's and his wife's untimely death, both of whom died to the early age or 25 and 21 years respectively. Their Christian lives and expressions or rescausion to the Father's will comforts us in our bocavement, and we long "some day" to "ke there" and live with them forever.—H. F. M.

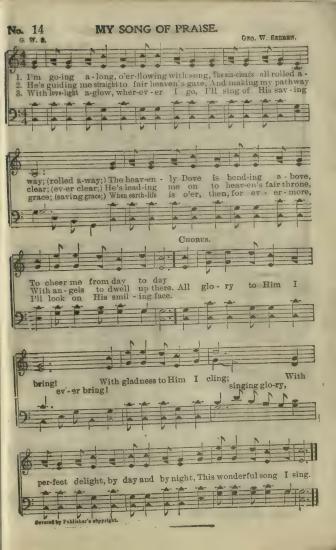
What Are They Doing in Heaven. C. A. T. C. A. Tindley am think-ing of friends whom I to know. Who used There were some whose hearts were burdened with cares, They passed their There were some whose bod-ies were dis - ease, Med - i - cine nor 4. There were some who were poor and oft - en de-spised. They looked to suf - fered in this world be - low; They've gone up to heav - en. but mo-ments in sigh - ing and tears; They clung to the cross with doc - tor could give them much ease: They suf - fered till death brought a heav - en thro' tear - blind-ed eyes; While peo - ple were heed - less and CHORUS. want to know. What they are do ing now? trembling and fears, But what are they do ing now? What are they re - lease, But what are they ing do now? deaf to their cries. But what are ing do - ing in heav-en to-day? Where sin and sor-row are all done a - way, And peace abounds like a riv - er, they say, O what are they do-ing there now? Copyright by C. A. Tindlay,

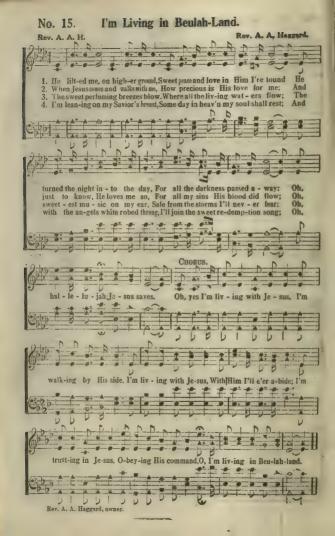






I'm Depending on Him. No. 13. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."-2 TIM. 1:12. T. A. B. 1. I've placed my life in Je - sus' care, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing 2. This not by works that I have some, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing at land Him when I have believed, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing at May serv-loc nows at Ma command, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing on Him; I trust od Ilim and 1 ft it there, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save. on Him; 'Tis grace that saves (hro' faith slone, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save. on Him; From whom this hope I have received, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save. on Him; No pow'r cau plack me from Fils hand, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save. On Christ my ad - vo - cate I lean, I leated took my place, He bore my sin, I broke God's law, He came between, I le took my place, He bore my sin, I'm de-pend-ing on Him to save, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, I'm de-pend-ing on Him, My hope is sure, my herv'n secure, I'm in His care, my trust is there.



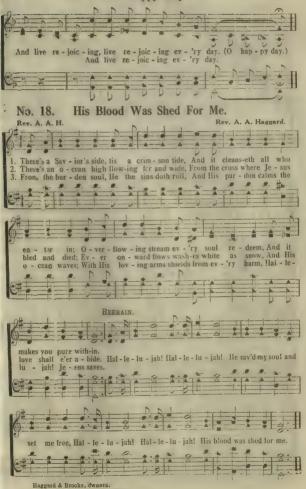


## No. 16, ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME.





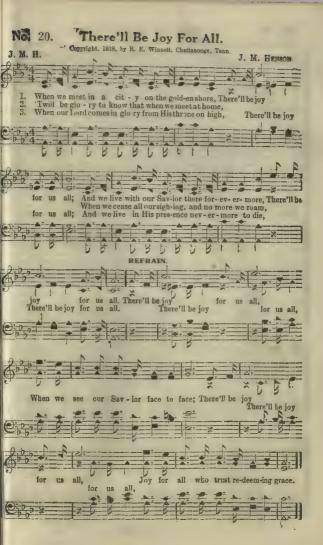
# O Happy Day.



## No. 19. A Sinner Saved By Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the off God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPH. 2: 8, 9,

J. A. BROWN. REV. E. F. LYON. 1. 'Twas by His grace thro' faith I came, And met my Lord's em-brace, 2. When I shall stand be - fore the King, And see His shin - ing face, 3. When I shall see Him on His throne, And He as-signs my place, 4. When I shall greet the heav'nly throng, The ransomed of the race, 5. I'll meet my loved ones gone be - fore, Who've triumphed in the race. sin - ner now my on - ly claim, A sin - ner saved by grace. I'll hear the heav'nly cho - rus ring, A sin - ner saved by grace. I'll join the cho-rus of His own. A sin - ner saved by grace. I'll join the ev - er - last - ing song. A. sin - ner saved by grace. And shout the cho - rus ev - er - more, A sin-ner saved by grace. I'm a sin-ner saved by grace, Soon I shall see His shining face: sin-ner, a sin-ner saved by grace, sin - ner saved by grace. glo - ries share, His im - age bear, A Copyright, 1910, by The Brown-Franklin Co.





#### Work For Jesus



THE BOOK EVENAN

#### WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE. will them how great things the Lord bath done."-Mark 5: 19. Nó 23. REV. J. M. DRIVER, by per. 3. M. D. Won-der-ful a - gain; Tell it to me Won-der-ful love! Tho' you are far a - way; 1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of Won-der-ful love! 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of Je - sus pro-vides a rest; love! 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of An-gels with rapture an-Wake the Im-mor - tal strain! Call-ing from Cal-va - ry's love! Still He doth call to - day; Rest in those mansions alove! For all the pure and blest; sto - TY of love! of sto - TY Sin - ner, oh! won't you believe it? sounce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it: sounce it, explained with available bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion, bove as, With those who've gone on before us, CHORUS. Wonful! love! Won der Wen-der-ful sto - ry of Won-der-ful Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!





As a shield from every snare;

King of kings in heaven we'll crown him When our journey is complete

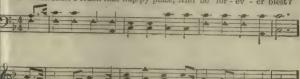




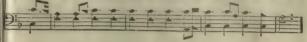
### PROMISED LAND.

AT.

- 1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
- All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e ter nal day;
   No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
- 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for ev er blest?

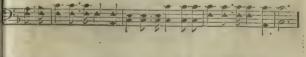


To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie. There God, the Sun for-ev-er reigns, And scatters night a-way. Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more. When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?



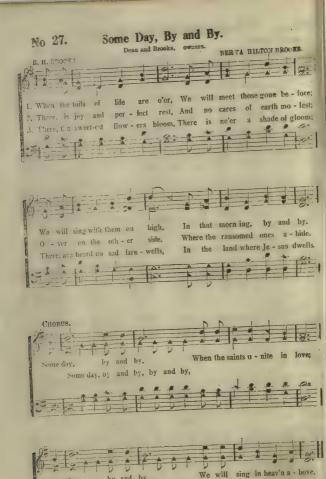


I am bound for the promised land, ..... I am bound for the promised land; promised land,



O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.





# 28. Jesus Lifted My Heavy Load. Mrs. C. D. Martin. A. R. Walton I will tell of One who saved my poor lost soul, And who took me from the Can you ever hope the debt of sin to pay? Must you al-ways bow be-Dare you lon-ger go a sin - ner with - out God, So un-grate-ful for the downward road; By whose pow'r and grace I'm ev-'ry whit made whole, And who neath its load; God's be-lov - ed Son has put your sin a - way, And has love be-stowed; By the Sav-ior who hath shed His precious blood, And who REFRAIN. can-celed all the debt I owed. can-celed all the debt you owed. Je - sus lift-ed my heav - y load, can-celed all the debt you owed. heav-y load, Je - sos paid all the debt I owed, the debt I owed, In His bod - y on the tree, He a-tonement made for me, By the shedding of His precious blood. Copyright 1920 by A. R. Walton, in "Special Songs."

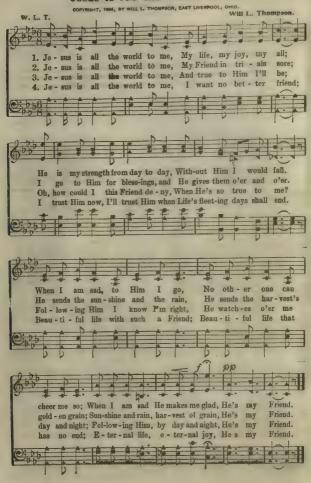


Rev. A. A. H. MALE QUARTET.

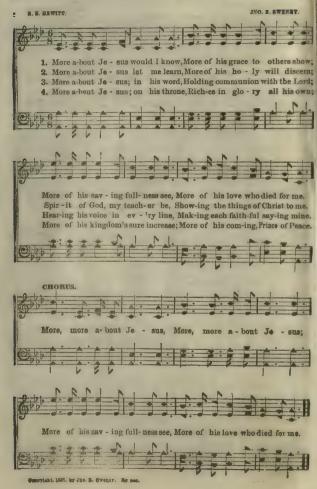
Sev. A. A. Haggard, owner.



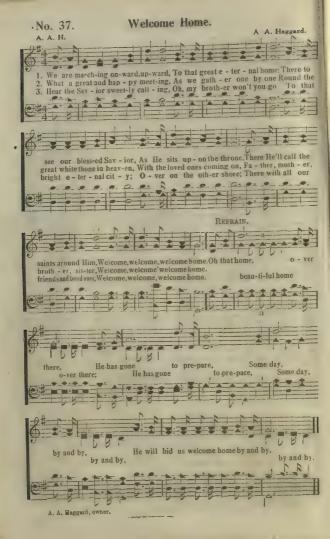
### Jesus is All the World to Me.



# ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Rev E. A. HOPPMAN P. A. 13. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the When the Bridgeroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read -y for the mansions bright. blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean. CHORUS. Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? in the blood. garment; spotless? Are they white as spow? are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?















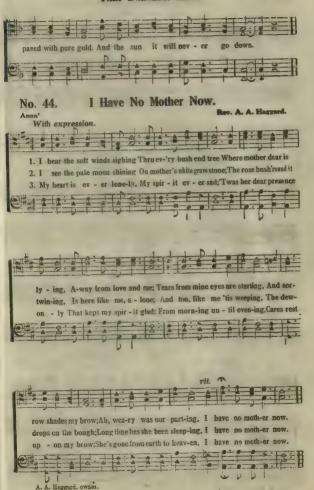
# No. 42. Death is Only a Dream.



### That Beautiful Land.



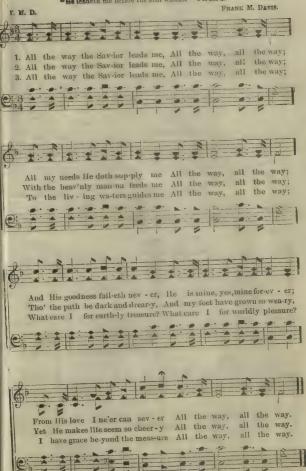
#### That Boautiful Land.





10.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."-Ps. 23: 2.



And dwell with our friends (And dwell with our friends) on heaven's bright shore, (on heaven's bright shore.)





#### We'll Know all About it Over There.



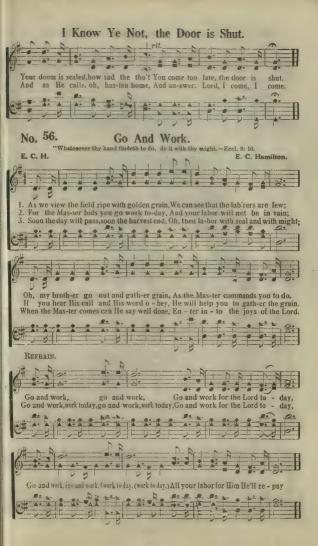
#### All The Way.







## I Know Ye Not, the Door Is Shut. H. SOLO OR DUET. Ad lib. All rights reserved. A. J. HEARN, Bluefield, W. Va.. No. 55. of life is o'er, You'll trembling stand at heav-en's door; 1. Some day, when all 2. Some day you'll stand at heav-en's bar, And hear the righteous Judge de-clare, 3. Some day you'll stand and weep and wail, And gnash your teeth till heart shall fail, 4. Oh, seek Him now while He is near, He'll ban-ish all your doubt and fear, With eyes cast down, with soul laid bare, You knock and plead for entrance there. "My sheep and lambs I sure-ly know, For they are wash'd as white as snow. And pray for rocks, frem neath the sod, To hide you from the face of God. And pear for you the load of sin, That keeps you from the courts within. the courts within; Un - fits you for But God will say, "Your life of sin And have not rec - om-pense with-in; But thou art vile and full of sin, But God will say, "Your doom is just, Your heart is filled with sin - ful lust; He'll wash your soul as white as snow, And when the sum-mons comes to go, the door is shut I know ye not, A-way, a - way, De-part from me, the door is shut." I know ye not, A-way, a - way, De-part from me, the door is shut." A-way, a - way, I know ye not, De-part from me, His courts of love. To bear you to He'll send His an - gels from a - bove, CHORUS. 1-2-3. Oh, aw-ful day, when God shall say, De-part from me, a-way, a-way; (away;) 4th v. Oh, do not spurn the Lord so dear, Come, seek him now while He is near; (is near;)









## When the Books are Opened.



# No. 61. Where is My Boy Tonight

Have female voice sing Solo part of "Where is my Boy Tonight?" to be answered at the end of each stanza with "Fell Mother I'll be Thore." by Duet or Quartet in the rear of building or just outside. The last sanar is answered by the Duet or Quartet coming to the stage and sing

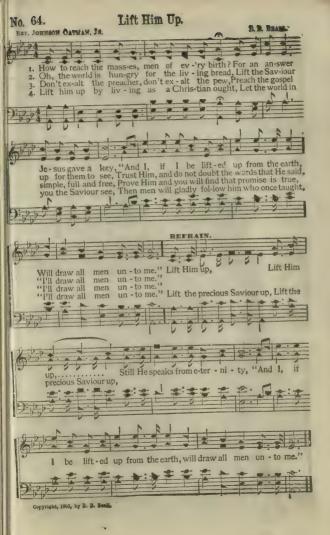


### Tell Mother I'll Be There.

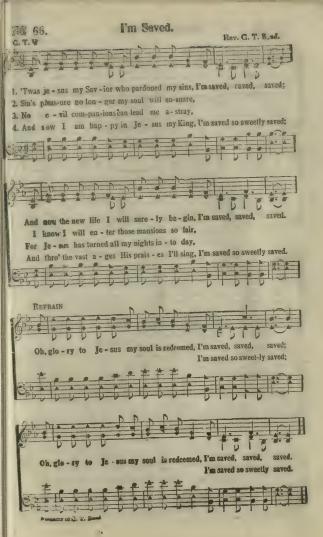
Answer to Where is My Boy Tonight.



No. 63. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love. P. P. B. Peter P. Bilhorn. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) Thro' Christ on the was made, (was made,) My cross peace had crowned, (had crowned.) My 3. When Je - sus 28 Lord Je - sus for peace a - bide, (a - bide,) And glad and re - frain. (re - frain;) debt by death all paid; (all paid;) No was heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) 28 close His side: (His side:) There's it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift oth - er foun - da - tion is laid. For peace, the gift Him the rich bless - ing I Sweet peace, the gift found. God's noth - ing but peace doth be - tide. Sweet peace, the gift CHORUS. Peace, peace, sweet peece, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove, (a-bove,) love. Oh, wonderful, won-der-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. Copyright, 1887, and 1889, by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by per.









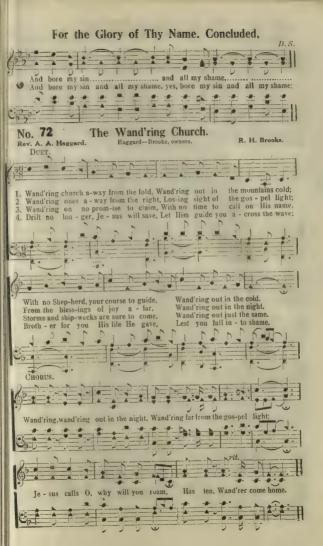




70. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart. Mrs. C: H: Morrid C. H. M: you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come 3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Je - sus come 4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Je - sus come 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow-ing near by, in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you, in to your heart; If you would en ter the mansions of rest, CHORUS. Je - sus come "in - to your heart. now, your your heart. Just Je - sus come in - to now, my Let doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject Him no more; Just now, doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more; Jus' now. hrew . - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your . - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my

#### No. 71. For the Glory of Thy Name. Haggard & Brooks, owners, Rev. A. A. Haggard. Har. by R. H. Brooks. Miss Lucia B. Cook. to walk..... Thy chos-en ways...... 1. Help me to walk Thy chosen ways, yes, help me walk Thy chos-en ways, 1. Help me 2. I pray Thee guide..... me here be - low..... 2. I pray Thee guide me here be-low, I pray Thee guide me here be-low. - - nal I'm an heir.... life e - ter e - ter - nal I'm an heir, to life e - ter - nal I'm an heir. 3. To life ry of Thy name; ...... With joy - ful the glo For the glo-ry of Thy name, yes, for the glo-ry of Thy name; With joy - ful of Thy name;..... And help me the glo - - FY the glo-ry of Thy name, yes, for the glo-ry of Thy name; And help me For ry of Thy name: ..... Re - cieve me For the glo the glo-ry of Thy name; yes, for the glo-ry of Thy name; Re - ceive me My heart would My heart would to sing Thy praise ...... For the glo hearts to sing Thy praise, with joyful hearts to sing Nhy praise. For the glory of Thy name, yes quer ev - 'ry foe ...... For the glo con-quer ev - 'ry foe, yes, help me conquer ev'ry foe, For the glory of Thy name, yes ...... that cit - y fair, ...... For the glo to that cit - y fair, re-ceive me to that cit - y fair; For the glory of ly trust in Thee ..... For the glo ful-ly trust in Thee, my heart would fully trust in Thee. For the glory of Thy name, yes, CHORUS. ...... O love that led...... to Cal-va-rv...... for the glory of Thy name. O love that led to Cal-va-ry, O love that led to Calvary, of Thy name,.....

for the glory of Thy name.





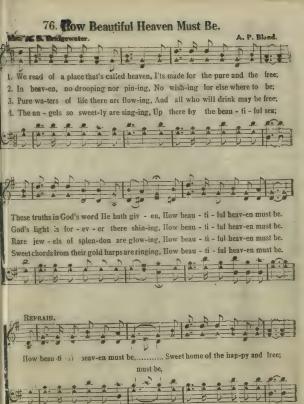
# NG. 74. I've Waited Too Long to Prepare. BIRDIE MAY STILLMAN. J. H. STANLEY.

 Dear friends, I have a sto-ry to tell, A sto-ry of woe and de-2. I've heard the sto-ry of Christ's love, The cit-y so bright and so
 When friends would plead with me to come, I turned them a - way with-out



L. H. Stanley, owner,

No. 75. Steer for The Lights of Home. Homer F. Merris. James Rows. 1. Soul drift-ing o - ver the o - cean of sin, Steer for 2. Dark-ness is dense on the face of the deep, Steer for the lights 3. Je - sus is wait - ing to par - don your past. Steer for 4. Bil - lows are ris-ing, o'er-whelmed you may be. Steer for the lights of home: lov - ing - ly call - ing "come in." home; Why cause your friends and your dear ones to weep? home: Here you in safe - tv vour an - chor may east, home: Come to the har - bor, be hap - py and free, REFRAIN. Steer for the lights home. Steer for lights home, sweet home, Steer for the lights of home, sweet home, Think of the cost if your soul should be lost! Steer for the lights of home, sweet home. Property of H. F. Morris., Atlanta, Ga.





A D Rland owner.

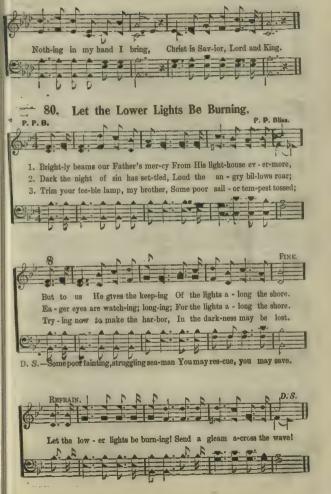


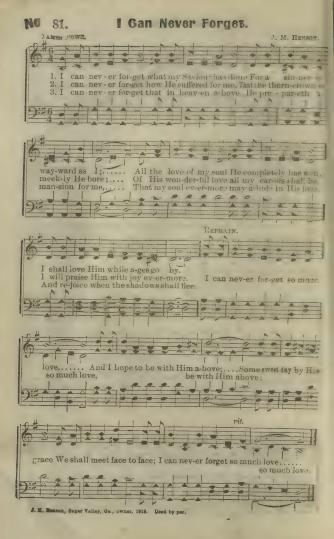
## We Shall Meet up There. No. 78. In reasonbrance of the Bynum-Murphree & Cornelius, reunion held at Oneonta, Ala., Aug. 6th, 1920 J. R. Whited. James Rowe. Sing on. O, sol-diers loy-al, Your hap-py praises sing. And wave the standard Keep all the vallevs ringing With happy songs of praise, Send joy-ous car - ols 3. We know that He will keep us, What-ev - er may be-tide; In vain the storm will roy - al, For Je - sus Christ our King; The morn will soon be breaking And wing - ing A-long earth's drear-y ways; Our work will soon be end - ed, And sweep us. In vain we shall be tried; The Lord is ev - er lead-ing, Our D. S .-- Sing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, Still care, For, safe at home a - wak - ing, fair: With Christ the Lord as - cend - ed, We shall ali soon will We shall then, still sweet and share, And His commandments heed-ing, will tri - als He rec - ords fair, For soon to share God's glo - ry, We shall keep - ing REFRAIN. FINE. We'll meet We'll meet meet, all meet up there, up there. D.S. Some bright-er bet - ter day; (glad day;) shad-ows flee a - way; (a - way;) When (Omit ...

J. R. Whited, owner., Oneonta, Ala. 1920.



### Christ Is All

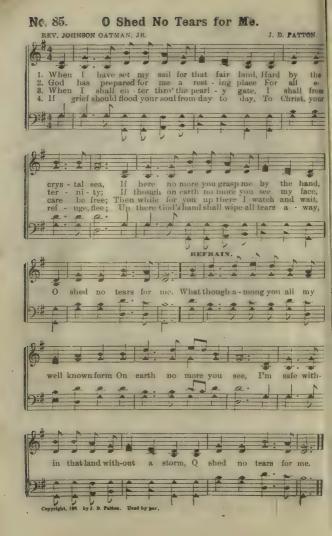




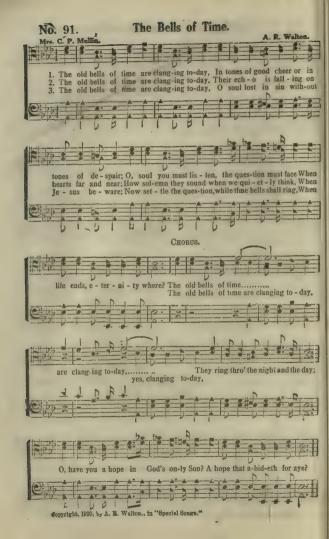




No. 84. Mother is Waiting for Me. A. J. Sims, Theme and 1st, verse J. F. B. J. F. BUCHANAN. 1. In a home be-yond the star - ry sky, Waits a moth-er 2. How I long to join the hap - py band, And my moth-er's 3. And I know it won't be ver - y long, 'Till I'll reach that 4. Come my friends and go a - long with me, To that home be dear to me; She is wait - ing there with dear ones gone, In that face to see; In that home where all is joy and peace, There's a gold - en land, There I'll see my Sav - ior's lov - ing smiles And will yound the sky; We will see our moth - er some sweet day, Where we'll REFRAIN home be - youd death's sea. Wait - ing there, wait - ing place pre - pared for me. clasp my moth-er's hand. nev - er say good - by. Wait - ing there, O - ver by the crys-tal sea; Wait-ing there, Wait-ing there, wait-ing there, wait ing there for me. She is wait - ing there, Sims and Ruchanan, owners, Dalton, Ga., March 30, 1918

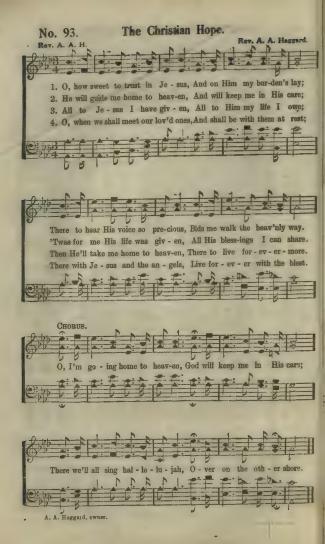


he Beautiful Country Somewhere. J. W. ASKEW. I dream of a country where cometh no night, Where skies are exceedingly fair; This world is too wicked to make it my home, I have too much sorrow and care; No treasures of earth shall induce me to stay, Below where temptations ensuare: My Sav-ior has gone to that heavenly clime, And He has in - vit - ed me there; tho'ts of that country is perfect delight, And oh, how I long to be there. Toward that fair country my foot-steps shall roam, That beautiful country somewhere. I'll welcome the summons to go an - y day To dwell in that country somewhere. know I shall meet Him in glo-ry sometime, And love Him for-ev-er somewhere, Oh, that beau ti - ful country somewhere, To reach it some day beau- ti - ful, beau- ti is my prayer, I'm nead y to go .. I'm read-y to go From sorrows be-low, read . y to go, To the beau-ti-ful country somewhere, yes, from sorrows be-low. that county somewhere.



### 92. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.



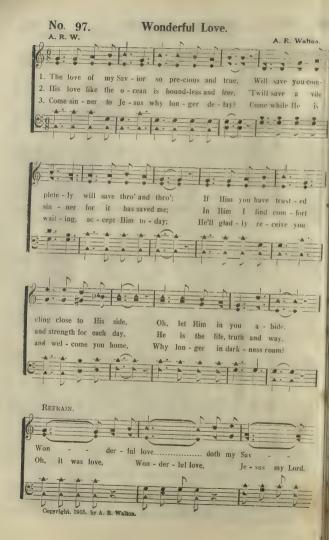






WM. COWPER



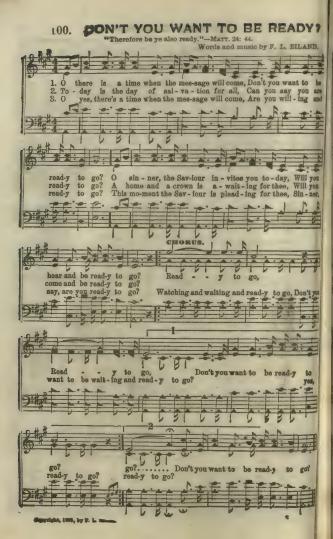


### Wonderful Love.









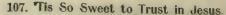
No. 107 WHERE THE SOUL NEVER DIES. W. M. G. Wm. M. Golden. 1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies; 2. A rose is bloom-ing there for me, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies; 9. A love-light beams a-cross the foam, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies; 4. My life will end in death-less sleep, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies; 5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the sou! (of man) nev - er dies; My dark - est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies. And I will spend e - ter - ni - ty, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies. It shines to light the shores of home Where the soul (of man) new - er dies. And ev - er - last - ing joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies. Where there will be no parting nand, And the soul (of man) new - er dies. REFRAIN. No sad fare - wells. dimmed eyes; Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare - wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes; Where all love. And the soul nev - er dies. joy and love, And the soul of man nev - er dies. is peace and

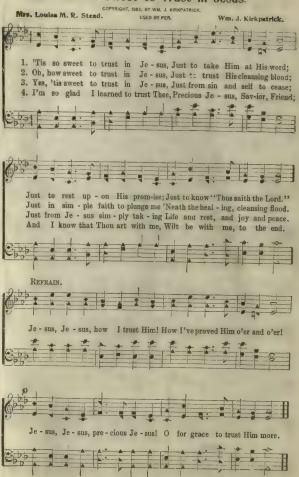


### Christian Workers.









### 108. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER



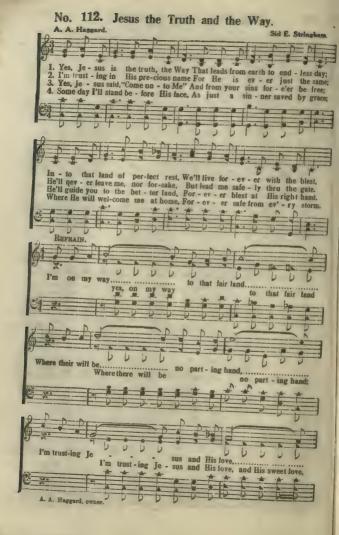
# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.





### to 114. THE CHILD OF A KING.



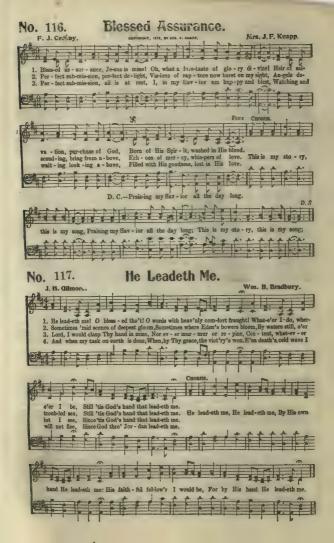


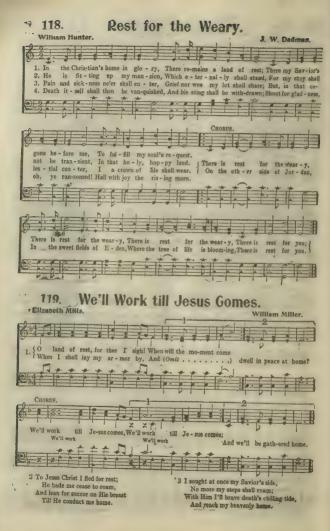
### Jesus the Trutk and the Way.

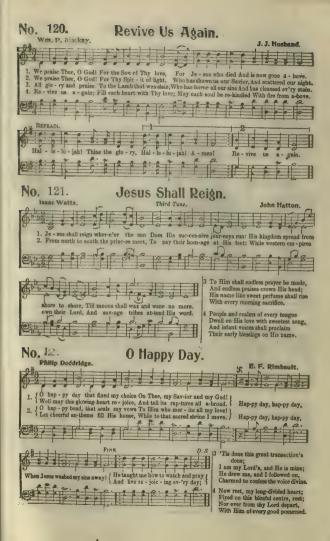


# Devotional Bymns

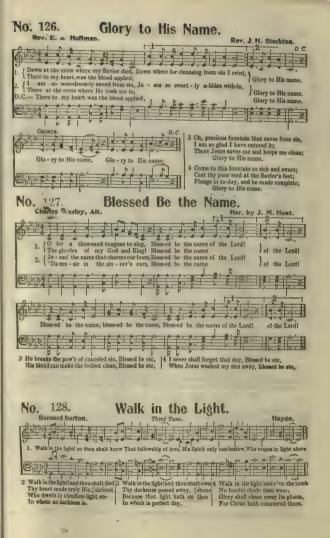


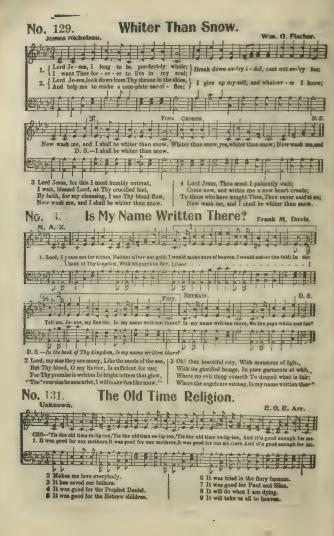


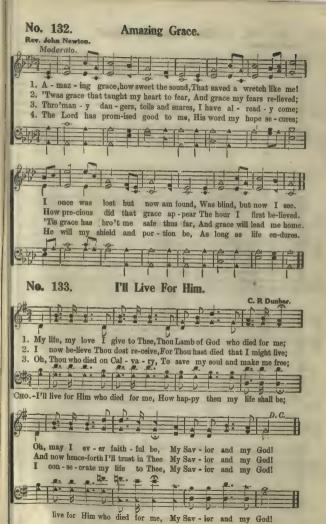




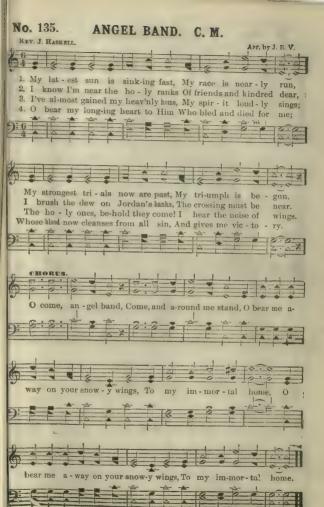
Rock of Ages. Thomas Hastings, D.C. A. M. Toplady. Second Tune. FINE 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood, p. C.-Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd A Rock of Ages, cleft for me, 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, 2 Could my tears forever flow. When my eyes shall close in death, Let me hide myself in Thee; Could my zeal no languor know. Let the water and the blood These for sin could not atone, When I rise to worlds unknown, From thy wounded side which flow'd Thou must save, and Thou alone: And behold Thee on Thy throne. Be of sin the double cure. In my hand no price I bring, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Save from wrath and make me pure. Simply to Thy cross I cling. Let me hide mysell in Thee. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me. Edward Honner J. E. Gould -12-D.C. 1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: 1 Un-known waves before me roll, D.C .- Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach rous 1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me, As a mother stills her child, When at last I near the shore, Over life's tempestuous sea: And the fearful breakers roar Thou canst bush the ocean wild: Unknown waves before me roll. Boisterous warna obey Thy will 'Twist me and the peaceful rest, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal; When Thousa, at to them Be still" Then, while learning on Thy breast, Chart and compass come from Thee May I hear Thee say to me, Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me. Jesus, Savior, pilot me, "Fear nut, I will pilot thee." I Lay My Sins on Jesus. Storatius Bonne. Samuel Schastlan Wesley. 2. I lay my sins on Je-sus. The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load bring my guilt to Je-sus. To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains. 2 I lay my wants on Jesus; 3 I rest my soul on Jesus, I long to be like Jesus. All fullness dwells in Him; This weary soul of mine: Meek, loving, lowly, mild: He healeth my diseases, His right hand me embraces, I long to be like Jesus, He doth my soul redeem; I on His breast recline: The Father's holy child: I lay my griefs on Jesus, I love the name of Jesus, I long to be with Jesus My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, Immanuel, Christ the Lord, Amid the heavenly throng Like fragrance on the breezes. To sing with saints His prais He all my sorrows shares. His name abroad is poured. And learn the angels' song.



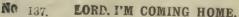


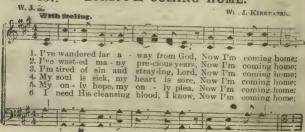












## LORD, I'M COMING HOME. Concluded.



#### No. 139. The Beautiful Home of the Soul.



No. 140. Glory Over Yonder. Sharp McNiel. J D. CARROLL, OWNER, 1916. J. D. Carroll. Whatbright vi-sions come to me 1. What bright vi-sions come to me as I think of joys to be, 'Twill be 2. Aft - er pil-grim paths are trod, shar-ing in the peace of God, 'Twill be 3. O the bliss that we shall know with our souls made white as snow; Twill be glo-ry when we meet each oth-er there; Je-sus has prepared a home, where no glo-ry when we meet each oth-er there; While the endless a - ges roll, Christ's aglo - ry when we meet each oth-er there; See-ing Je - sus face to face, prais-ing sin can ev - er come, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there. ton - ing blood ex - tol, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there. Him for sav - ing grace, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there. D.S.-'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there. REFRAIN. Twill be glo o - ver you der, 'Twill be glo - ry when we 'Twill be glo-ry o - ver yon-der. D. S.

mest each oth - er there! 'Twill be glo - ry o - ver yon - der, o - ver yon der,



#### No. 146

#### The Eagles Nest.

Suggested by a sermon by Dr. A. F. Mahan, of Knoxville, Tenn., June 3, 1920, at South Gastonia Baptist Church.



Traveling Home. No. 147. J M. HENOUN. FRANK H. NORTON. We have start-ed to a country where no sin is ev-er known. Trav-el-ing 2. Ev - 'ry pil-grim on the jour-ney has an eye on things a-bove, 3. Soon we'll reach the ho - ly cit - y where the faithful ones a-bide, home. trav-el-ing home. When the way would be so dreary And glad praises we are singing Traveling home, trav-el-ing home, All the way is growing brighter the dear Sav-ior's face is shown, Traveling home, trav-el-ing home. filled with ho - ly light and love, and the Lord is by our side, Traveling home. REFRAIN. Trav-el-ing home trav-el-ing home, With the Savior Traveling home, trav-el-ing home, as our guide, we're traveling home, Traveling home, tray - 3] - ine

Frank M. Norton, owner.

Trav-el-ing home,





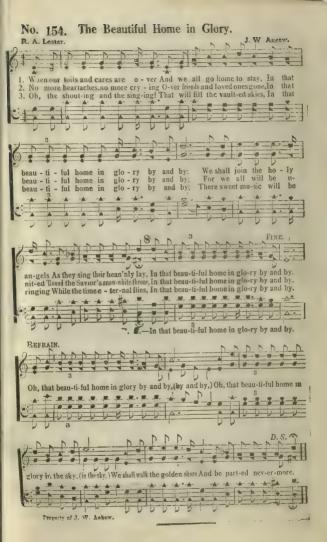
#### His Love Saved Me.



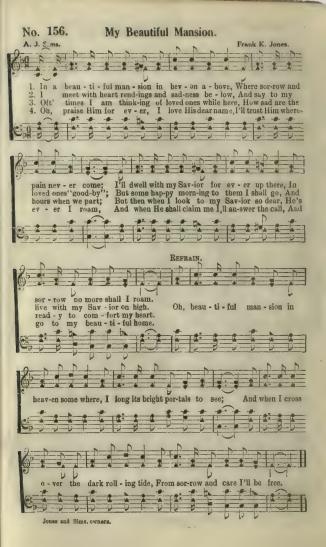








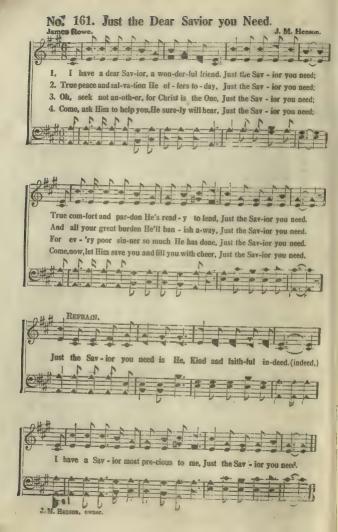




# No. 157. Where We'll Never Grow Old. (To my Father and Mother .- J. C. M.) J. C. M. Effectively JAS. C. MOORE. have heard of a land, on the far -a-waystrand, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful In that bean-ti-ful home, where we'll never more roam, We shall be in the When our work here is done, and the life crown is won, And our troubles and Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die, home of the soul: sweet by and by: Hap - py praise to the King thro' e - ter - ni - ty sing. tri - al's are c'er; All our sor - row will end, and our voic - es will blend, A ... REFRAIN a land where we nev - er grow old. Nev - er grow old, a land where we nev - er shall die. With the loved ones who've gone on be-fore. Where we'll nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old, Nev - er grow -2A1- -2A1nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old where we'll Jas C. Moore Owner

THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO





No. 162. Jesus is Better Than All. Mrs. C. D. Martin. Homer F. Morris. 1. God gives us rich bless-ings and man - y things dear, Je - sus 2. There much to at - tract us, like sil - yer 3. No mat - ter what may be held up and gold. Je - sus to view, our Je - 8118 is A= bet - ter than all: His meas-ure-less kind-ness re - veals to us here bet - ter than all: The world of - fers non - or and pleas-ure un-told, bet - ter than all: For ev - 'ry be - liev - er will say it is true Je - sus is bet - ter than all. is bet - ter than all. Je - sus Bet - ter than treas-ures is bet - ter than all. Je - sus earth is He. Bet - ter than an - y one else can be; Thus we Air shall sing thro' e - ter - ni - ty Je - sus bet - ter than Copyright, 1920, by Homer F. Marria :- "Cnocial Songs." - - - TANK

